the cloudless tropic dawn which brightens later into the busy morning life ot the city, its gay crowds in the streets, Its shops full of beautiful things from every part of the East.

And then the calm serenity of the bay in the afternoon rest, when the mystery of Elephanta has summoned us across to that flowery isle, to tread the winding passage leading to the caverns Shiva* blest. Even now no devotee of Shiva can visit that place and stand by the Shrine, formerly only open once a year, without instantly sensing some of that influence which worshippers of the Mightiest know, so that it does not need the giant figures on the wall and the other indications that it was once a Holy of Holies to the Shivite to tell us that Mahadeva himself had made it a place of power. And again at night, when the September damp heat and a troubled mind had made rest impossible, then how the cool, calming influence of the heights of Malabar Hill, the soft lawns and

shadowy palms near the reservoir, soothed

* Shiva, or Mahadeva (" the Great God ") is the Third Person of the Hindu Trinity, corresponding to the Holy Ghost of the Christian religion,

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